

# THE POET, THE PRISONER, & THE FOOL

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**THE POET** : Modern Man in  
search of Analysis, Philosophy  
and the Spirit: Life through the  
Musings of the Scientist Poet.

**David Scanlon**

*"The world of the great poetic dramatist is the world in which the creator is everywhere present and everywhere hidden."*

# PUBLISHERS DETAILS

T.S. Eliot (1952) *The Three Voices of poetry*. Cambridge University Press: London

## IF I DIE YOUNG

“Even if my verses are never published,  
They will have their beauty, if they’re beautiful.  
But they cannot be beautiful and remain unpublished,  
Because roots may be hidden in the ground  
But their flowers flower in the open air for all to see.  
It must be so. Nothing can prevent it.”

Fernando Pessoa (1888 - 1935)

**THE FOOLISH POET PRESS LTD.**  
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2016

# **THE POET, THE PRISONER & THE FOOL**

**THE POET - MODERN MAN IN SEARCH OF  
ANALYSIS, PHILOSOPHY, AND THE SPIRIT: LIFE  
THROUGH THE MUSING OF THE SCIENTIST POET**

*Volume 1*

*By*

**DAVID SCANLON**

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## **PUBLISHERS DETAILS**

**DEDICATION**

**v**

**WHAT IS ENLIGHTENMENT?**

**vi**

## **POEMS**

<b>FIND THE ONE</b>	<b>1</b>
<b>JOY, YOU SAY, IN THE PRESENT</b>	<b>2</b>
<b>THERE IS A SOFTNESS IN YOUR BEING</b>	<b>3</b>
<b>MOMENTS OF UNIQUE JOY</b>	<b>4</b>
<b>I CRAVE A SIMPLE WORLD</b>	<b>5</b>
<b>IN A SILENT WAY</b>	<b>7</b>
<b>THE REMEMBERED MOMENTS OF OUR TOGETHERNESS</b>	<b>8</b>
<b>A JOURNEYMAN WHO WANTS A HOME</b>	<b>9</b>
<b>I WONDER WHY</b>	<b>11</b>
<b>IN MOMENTS BETWEEN THE SILENCES</b>	<b>12</b>
<b>A SIMPLE TRUTH</b>	<b>13</b>
<b>STRANGELY HAPPY</b>	<b>14</b>
<b>RERUM NOVARUM CUPIDUM (Remain unbiased and curious)</b>	<b>15</b>
<b>FAMILY RECOVERY</b>	<b>16</b>
<b>AESTHETIC UNIFORMITY: BEAUTY BEHELD</b>	<b>17</b>
<b>THE SPIRIT OF THE NEW</b>	<b>19</b>
<b>THE MANY HEARTED MAN</b>	<b>20</b>
<b>THE POLLUTION OF LANGUAGE</b>	<b>21</b>
<b>WALKING AWAY</b>	<b>22</b>
<b>FEELING FREE: CHOOSING OUR LIVES, YOU &amp; I</b>	<b>23</b>
<b>YOU MAKE ME</b>	<b>24</b>
<b>QUOTES</b>	<b>26</b>

FOR CLARE FRETTSOME,  
HENRY SCANLON, LEXI SCANLON &  
PIXIE FRETTSOME

THE ONES WHO KEEP ME SANE AND  
ALMOST SENSIBLE

**ENLIGHTENMENT IS** MAN'S RELEASE FROM HIS SELF-INCURRED TUTELAGE. TUTELAGE IS MAN'S INABILITY TO MAKE USE OF HIS UNDERSTANDING WITHOUT DIRECTION FROM ANOTHER. SELF-INCURRED IS THIS TUTELAGE WHEN ITS CAUSE LIES NOT IN LACK OF REASON BUT IN LACK OF RESOLUTION AND COURAGE TO USE IT WITHOUT DIRECTION FROM ANOTHER. SAPERE AUDE! “HAVE COURAGE TO USE YOUR OWN REASON!”

**WAS IST AUFKLÄRUNG - IMMANUAL KANT (1784)**

# POEMS

*"Poetic intuition can neither be learned nor improved by exercise and discipline, for it depends on a certain natural freedom of the soul and the imaginative faculties and on the natural strength of intellect. It cannot be improved in itself, it demands only to be listened to."*

J. Maritain (1953) *Creative Intuition in Art and Poetry*. Princeton University Press: Princeton.



**David Scanlon:** Lives in Cheshire with his family and friends. He proudly works for AstraZeneca and has devoted his working life to discovering and delivering medicines to patients in need of new treat-

ments. In his day-to-day activities he finds inspiration to write poetry. This first collection is written for family and friends who have created the many poetic moments.

## **FIND THE ONE**

Somewhere on life's journey you find the one  
Who captures your heart;

Transcendent beyond the life you found in one  
The rapture begins.



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## **JOY, YOU SAY, IN THE PRESENT**

It is every day that passes, yet some days stay  
Held together in memory, through emotions gift.  
How precious the sustaining moments found  
In friendship, in honour, in family become:  
Nurturing the passing days in glinting joy.

Seek not the possibility of every moments joy  
Rather release the hating emotions which grip,  
In accentuating more the glorious points  
In life, in living, in being together  
They too point a path of truthful virtue.

It cannot be a hindrance to escape inside  
For a moments respite from the weariness:  
Cautioning only that the world still moves!  
In hiding, in fleeing, in being absent  
Is to forget that joy is possible always.

At a time of reflection and anticipation  
A pointedness clashes with escaping realities.  
Live you say, in the present of the ad-mixture  
In truth, in respect, in calm serenity  
Forgetting that anxious movement is all.

Take the moments yet to be created  
In the day and night of daily speaking,  
Grasp the feeling of who you will be  
In friendship, in family, in your desires:  
Live that moment now and then in full joy.



# THERE IS A SOFTNESS IN YOUR BEING

There is a softness in your being  
Holding itself out there for others to touch;  
The ever present smell of fear haunts  
A moment shared with such uniqueness.

In that small passage of time I change  
Without always wishing and wanting your touch.  
Holding tightly onto what is clear  
Comforts the weak, who move slowly.  
The fear of being moved by the care of others  
Protects from many the full joy of life.

Closing up within the hurly-burly place  
Is it a statement of weakness or an absence of sight?  
Which ever, obliviousness to the shift  
Leads towards the mutual horror of loneliness.  
Softness over-ridden becomes slowly damaged,  
Delicate flowers need careful sustenance.  
To sustain that poetic touch is daily pain  
With the finding heart needing little desert rain.

Feeling understood is a difficult art,  
The vibrant colours pursued together  
Never seem to settle into a precise image.  
So when the created image resolves  
With the meeting of softness and fear  
The pure image created stays forever.



## MOMENTS OF UNIQUE JOY

We move with pace through our life  
Always wondering about tomorrow;  
The nature of the curious is to shape  
The present into a wondrous future.  
Desire shaped today drive passions  
That dictate the urgency of our world.

At points we stop in time and reflect:  
A breath taken by a sudden impact;  
A flower sharp in the morning sun;  
Brightness sung from a perfect note;  
A passing glance draped in pure joy;  
A word of sense in crowded noise.

The drive of our life is ours to own.  
Precise attention to special moments  
Require a particular way of being  
That comes from pure togetherness.  
The learningness of being together  
Shows us moments of unique joy.

Beyond the moment of rebirth  
Time is slowed and the joy is free.  
Flowing around us in everything  
We touch, hear, and speak are  
Unbridled possibilities of moments  
That unleash the worlds true pace.

By slowing – to notice, pacing the passion,  
Holding in tight reign the voices  
Which do not want to see reality  
There comes a wisdom of seeing anew.  
Let the pace of life come to us all.  
Let us share our joy with all who care.



# I CRAVE A SIMPLE WORLD

Years go by and some things change.  
Counted on by worldly machines  
Progress is measured by the strange  
Melody of the technicians creations.  
Our hunger for the novelty of things  
Marks our movement onwards.  
Ceaselessly drawn into it's grasp  
They hold us. Fixed upon counting,  
Aided by our mechanical toys, we move.

Beyond the artifice of these things,  
Their trifles and fripperies gone,  
Lies a different more homely place;  
Easy to describe, merciless to find,  
It's quietness hurts so we hide  
Amongst the technicians toys,  
Where the marking of time sedates.  
Finding true time in our moments  
Together goes beyond playfulness.

Reflections place, joy filled anxiety,  
Captures a different playful pace;  
Betwixt and between-ness hides it.  
Stepping beyond technical growth,  
Even for a moment, refreshes we,  
Who live incessantly in machines,  
Amongst the driven desireousness  
Essential to our societies being.  
Our craving, a different oneness.

From splendid isolation's thought  
Lies a gift of wholeness undreamt,  
A place where joyfulness resides

Unbridled by time, ever present,  
Yet seldom found: Breathed,  
Sensed, an emotional humanity  
Ripping at its seams waiting  
To escape anxieties binding  
And force a simplicity upon us.

Words created mark our difference.  
Listening to their rhapsody opens up  
The possibilities of moving beyond.  
Hopeful joining of an accepting world  
Moves us from our island living.  
Our unique words define us,  
Refine us, mark our technicals,  
Give voice to our fearful cries,  
And express our wonder at our place.

Each voice speaks into it.  
The power grows with each word.  
Plugged, preventing full release,  
Few have found its potentiality.  
Let those who it touches most  
Find a technicians socket and plug,  
Wordly join our two distinct worlds.  
Forever bound, timelessness  
Will carry us on to a new world.

Once joined, an uneasy restlessness  
Pervades, recognised as waitful searching.  
Accepting and rejecting they play together.  
In our ‘we’ world technically joined,  
In our ‘I’ world emotionally reconciled  
Our failings and our joyfully given gifts  
Co-exist in a knowing vision where  
Easy pleasure comes, even in our pain.  
This is the simple world I crave.



## IN A SILENT WAY

Walking free in the noise,  
Harnessing the timeless presence,  
There speaks a voice.  
Found within and without  
It's march beats on resolutely  
Hammering at our consciousness.  
Spending time in it's rapture,  
Bewildering and magnificent,  
Scares those few seekers.

Homing in on the noise,  
Hidden within the pointless  
Rugged words devoid of meaning  
Besides a way of deepening  
Towards an existence.  
A path rich and sensuous,  
Bewildering and magnificent,  
Speaks to the courageous;  
Revives those few finders.

Speak of the noiseless:  
Wordless in the wordiness  
The moments cry out  
Discovering a timeless truth  
Absent but always present,  
There for all of us, free,  
Bewildering and magnificent.  
Once the silence touches it  
Nurtures, for those who know.



# THE REMEMBERED MOMENTS OF OUR TOGETHERNESS

Escape not the fury and fire  
Let it take you towards the mire  
Of your inner being, where  
The living is full bare.

Never believe that you are alone,  
In the depth of the fearful moan;  
For in that place is too a joy  
Remotely felt as just a boy!

With lots to learn an ache is seen  
Amongst the cocksure boyish preen  
Shadowing this place, where  
The living is full bare.

Full in remembrances embrace  
Emerges that clear loving face,  
One that passed you through pain,  
With a voice of gentle refrain.

Even in the dark moments grip  
The pleasure past can easily slip  
And ease the pain, which passes fast  
Replaced by togetherness past.

Let remembered moments of togetherness  
Grip you every day of your bitterness  
Consoling the intensity, where  
All the living is full bare.

# A JOURNEYMAN WHO WANTS A HOME

I walked in one day to a new world:  
A place of friendly familiarity clothed  
With a texture of uncertain difference.  
Within my new space I found a role  
To ply a craftsman's finely honed gifts.

A submerged attitude shaped a separation  
In my new workshop. With belonging my hope,  
In a place which I want to call my home,  
How long do you hang on to the 'I'  
In a world where the craft is so different?

It is so easy to claim a superiority,  
As a coping mechanism to survive,  
But arrogance is no humble befriendeer  
When it only eases the uncertainty:  
The truth is I know so little of this world.

I see a desire to fully comply, to be at one,  
It feels too slow a pace for the problems:  
A devoted few carrying the major load  
As the others mingle and share and yet  
Silenced by fear to really speak the truth.

Do I 'get' this place, does it get me.  
My expectations of people feels wrong:  
The drive and desire I expect from people  
Is alien in my new world of procedure,  
Argumentation and explanation for not doing.

Each corner I turn, in my new home,  
I fear the building up of my alienation:  
My commitment to a work contract  
Drives me to be who I am, with a directness  
Honed in another world of shared delivery.

My desire to be a part, means I comply  
To rules that I do not fully understand,  
Working practices that seem too strange:  
I must go on – it is my home of choice.  
My will is bending, my burden increasing.

Each direction I am given drives me on,  
Failure is not an option in my bag of gifts.  
The new blocks present hurdles to climb,  
Puzzles to solve with my dwindling mass.  
My racing mind drives on: I am fully alive.

Stuck in the betweeness of those who care –  
My champions, who see me for who I am –  
And those who want their simpler place –  
My co-workers, who see me for who I am –  
I please no-one enough to feel at home.

Does a journeyman's craft ever find peace?  
Is the lot of my gift the pleasure of some,  
The alienation of others, and no home?  
A poets gift sees and large shoulders  
Find ways to bare the pain and go on.

Each corner I turn, in my new home,  
I fear the building up of my alienation:  
My commitment to a work contract

## I WONDER WHY

I wonder why, when times are wry,  
The little things grate and rub?

For when the word is clear  
And the world feels very near  
Friendships can become so dear.

I wonder what the world forgot,  
In passing by the charm and grace?

For when the word has care  
And the world is full and fair  
Friendships have great flair.

I wonder then, but rather when,  
What will become of us and them?

For when the word is right  
And the world is free of fright  
Friendships establish clear might.

I wonder how the thinking now  
In reading on, has changed and gone?

For when the word is truth  
And the world is less uncouth  
Friends shout it from the roof.



## **IN MOMENTS BETWEEN THE SILENCES I FEEL ALONE**

In moments between the silences I feel alone  
Though surrounded by you all in our home.  
You capture me through my voice  
Pulling me to a place where we might rejoice.  
And through the strained and crushing moments, hidden  
We together push along a path forbidden;  
Entering this clear way of despair  
Requires that we chance and dare  
To be ourselves along the way  
And accept that in our play  
Others may not see our whole  
And pick away at our soul.

In grasping at the parts we see  
You will only ever know a part of me.  
I hope that in the bits you know  
I, in at least some ways, show  
A kind and haunted man  
Who has demonstrated that he can  
Engage in life in a full way  
And not too often betray  
The fallibilities of us all;  
Rather, full grown and standing tall.



## A SIMPLE TRUTH

Captivated by the moments gathering pace  
We move, besieged by glittering promises  
Without noticing the tiny adventures unfolding.  
Yet within the simple truth before us  
Beauty and harm lay in equal abundance:  
Never are we far from the fickle embrace of others.  
At certain spaces togetherness is captured,  
A simple touch, a simple smile, a simple word;  
Each enough to move our shape towards care.  
Let the Christmas spirit touch us towards peace,  
Let the simple truth of each other enter us,  
Let the harshness of the world rest a day.  
May our moments togetherness change the world.



## **STRANGELY HAPPY**

You touched me on our gentle walk,  
Amongst the structured science space.  
Trolleying the tools of business no-one knew  
The nature of the emotional content;  
Few could sense the beauty uncovered  
In the gentle meandering voices,  
As we spoke of softness and words,  
Poetry joined us until the crescendo.  
Catalan voices joined Portuguese wisdom,  
With the English cadence of time,  
As two people found our caring souls.  
Your kindness of gift appeared as we spoke,  
Intuitive leaps wrapping together  
Until we emerged “Strangely Happy.”



## **RERUM NOVARUM CUPIDUM**

*(Remain unbiased and curious)*

Staying open to another's possibilities,  
Expressed in their words of expertise,  
Engages the dream space between us.  
Seeing beyond 'Idolatry', through to  
'She who must be obeyed', and onwards  
To the movement of our togetherness  
Requires inhuman courage:  
A willingness to be within  
Another's inspace home.

Existing on the edge of selfhood,  
Fearlessly facing-off the darkness,  
Is the continuous journey of but a few:  
Never ending movement between  
Our inspace and the outpace home.  
Sensing and seeing our connections,  
In the building and destroying of ego,  
Requires a rationalising of the she love:  
Opening up to a becoming home.

Keeping at bay the critical shadow,  
Whilst listening to the dimorphic other -  
A sharpened tag-team devoid of pity -  
Will lead to madness or harmony.  
Entering into the world unbiased and curious  
Is essential to the mad and humane.  
Deciding the outcome for each moment  
Requires careful fearful disarray,  
Our home always in the making.



## FAMILY RECOVERY

We grappled with the sands of time,  
With oceans lapping at our feet of fun  
I allowed the passing world to enter.  
In permitting of the space  
All of me emerged again:  
Fresh, re-born, re-newed.

I pondered all alone o'er hill and dale,  
Frozen daily by the magnificence of time  
I allowed the passing world to enter.  
In permitting of the space  
All of me emerged again:  
New, re-born, re-freshed.

Tranquillity in the changed hum of words,  
Moved by a family of simple pleasures,  
I allowed the passing world to enter.  
In permitting of the space  
All of me emerged again:  
Born fresh to a new world.



## AESTHETIC UNIFORMITY: BEAUTY BEHELD

Sat within our tomb of frustration  
There lies nestled a motivation of birth;  
A flowering of the possible in-between  
The individual passionate endeavor.  
Our hidden aesthetic love of uniformity  
Seeks out the voice of collective quest.  
In speaking the words of my voice  
The parochial and trained words destroy,  
But momentarily, the escape of joining.  
Your flower of spirit attempts a gathering,  
Again the multiplicity defies collective.  
Hours of gathering struggle to find it.

To speak of the space of our formality,  
Of our gatherings, the words blame us all.  
Some feel the power to continue,  
Others destroy the possibility fore-ever.  
In our mesmerising and memorised talk  
The moment of discovery seems distant,  
Never present, always in the making,  
Steeped in the smell of anxiety:  
The pointlessness of being, ever present,  
Drives towards an ego based speaking.  
Individuation of the aesthetic love of uniformity  
Leaves us in the momentary stuck-ness.

The pulsation of a liquid structure-less whole  
Profoundly stirs imagination, but requires  
The leave behind, for moments, of selfhood  
Allowing the emergence of the collective:  
The discovery of uniformity in words,  
A possibility of a new named thing,  
Become the possibility before us:  
Joint discovery of an aesthetic love  
Binds us fore-ever in a present moment,  
A flowing of words born before us.  
Together we see the beauty of our words  
Knowing they speak collective understanding.

In our hum-drum every day ways,  
Our coming together in usual forms,  
How often do these poetic moments of birth  
Play upon our consciousness and stand out  
Beyond the internal voice of frustrations?  
How often does the playfulness of groups  
Find the spirit of a revolutionaries voice,  
Capturing that moment fore-ever in simple words.  
If you cannot find in your heart a clear moment  
Then you are not awake to the aesthetic beauty  
That togetherness bring in our daily living:  
The monotony may have taken you over – fore-ever?



## **THE SPIRIT OF THE NEW**

In meeting a soul that is torn, the twist rebounds and renews,  
Seeing oneself in another separates us from the mire  
And together in a moments spark a rebirth in the fire.

In focussing on the agony that life portrays for us,  
The world that glows around us feels a fraud that ‘they’ will see,  
How can some one so damaged be as glorious as me.

The pain experienced is always there, it never goes away,  
It is the thing that makes us, the thing that makes us whole.  
But with the pain comes a mystery that will one day fall.

In recognising the halves that make the idiot in me  
I must value the contributions in the making of our plan  
And accept the ones who hurt me, and thank them to a man.



## **THE MANY HEARTED MAN**

The many hearted man walked amongst us:  
Gathering our trust;  
Engaging our spirit;  
Capturing our heart.

Never was he boastful.  
Never was he arrogant.  
Never was he hurtful.

A quiet dignity bore him along

Without him I would not be me.  
Without him I could not see.  
Without him I would not be free.

He gathered my heart,  
He engaged my spirit,  
He captured my trust.

The many hearted man walked amongst us.



# THE POLLUTION OF LANGUAGE

Spurting from the industrial chimneys of today  
Is a rich and pungent flurry of language  
Which mystifies the world of work  
In hideous and noxious clouds of words.  
Verbiage filled with vacuous meaning  
Hangs lifelessly, supporting a hidden existence.  
Behind the words, I am told, people exist!!

In standing by my faltering words and voice,  
Oblivious to the resounding call of the looms,  
I tasted the intoxicating sedative of freedom  
And believed that I too was free from the pollutant.  
To live amongst the hidden infiltrators  
In the faint hope of being free of disease was folly.  
Amongst the words, I am told, is freedom!!

Breaking through the barriers of my existence  
I become fluent in my separation:  
As the distance emerged I emerged, at a cost,  
Indentured to my loom of words  
The passing of time was marked by relentlessness,  
Instantly recognised and soothing familiarity.  
Within the words, I was told, I exist!!

In choosing the sedative world of work,  
With the need for regularity,  
I have chosen to live with the disease of words.  
Fully conversant now with the necessary evil  
A playfulness of freedom emerges again  
In recognition of the arrangement I make.  
Between our words, I tell you, we do exist!!

The form our conversations take tell us about  
A need we have for the comfort of knowing.  
In the dangers that surround us  
The dance of our conversations takes shape.  
Never alone, the shape of who we are comes  
In our togetherness and struggle.  
Our words are how we exist.

# WALKING AWAY

Hold on tight to the memories,  
Formed in the furnace of new experience,  
Let them inspire and shape you.

Forged together in our past  
Each caring words of trouble  
Each troubled words of care  
Uttered by friends and foe  
Shape the way we go on together.

In freely allowing you into my life,  
With all my foibles and ecstasies seen,  
We have together shaped beauty and truth.

Forged together in our past and present  
Each hidden strength has grown  
Each growing strength less hidden  
As we have struggled together  
To shape the difference we make.

Hold onto the whole of yourself,  
Amongst the eddying ripples of others,  
Shape, re-shape and be shaped.

Forged together in the present  
Each haunting moment of beauty  
Each truthful moment of care  
Touches us all, should we let it,  
And crafts together our life.

Walking away is all of life,  
Where newness and history part,  
Held together with memories.

Forged together for ever  
Each leaving moment hurts  
Each hurt moment is short:  
Selfhood begins with a walking away  
And love is proved in the letting go.



## **FEELING FREE: CHOOSING OUR LIVES, YOU & I**

We choose our lives, you and I,  
Emerging as from the unknown.

Yet functioning in our special world  
Requires a movement fully towards something  
Which, emerging from all the past patterns,  
Is captured by a moment, at a single sharp point.

Choosing our patterns, you and I,  
Requires a trust in a movement true.

Yet continuing within our special world  
Requires belief in a selfhood shaped by something  
Which, emerging from all the patterns of others  
Is captured by a moment, at a single sharp point.

I love our choices, you and I,  
Present in the shape our working takes.

Yet making known and unknown free in our special world  
Requires the patience to be shaped by something.  
Which, emerging from all that has ever been  
Is captured by a moment, at a single sharp point.



## **YOU MAKE ME**

Without you I am small,  
Imperfect in form and function;  
    Ill defined in desire  
You make me who I am.

To suffer in compulsion  
Without an end in you  
    Is to make nothing.  
To create, you are who I am.

You have given me all  
That makes a man of me.  
    Together we are whole;  
You give meaning to who I am.



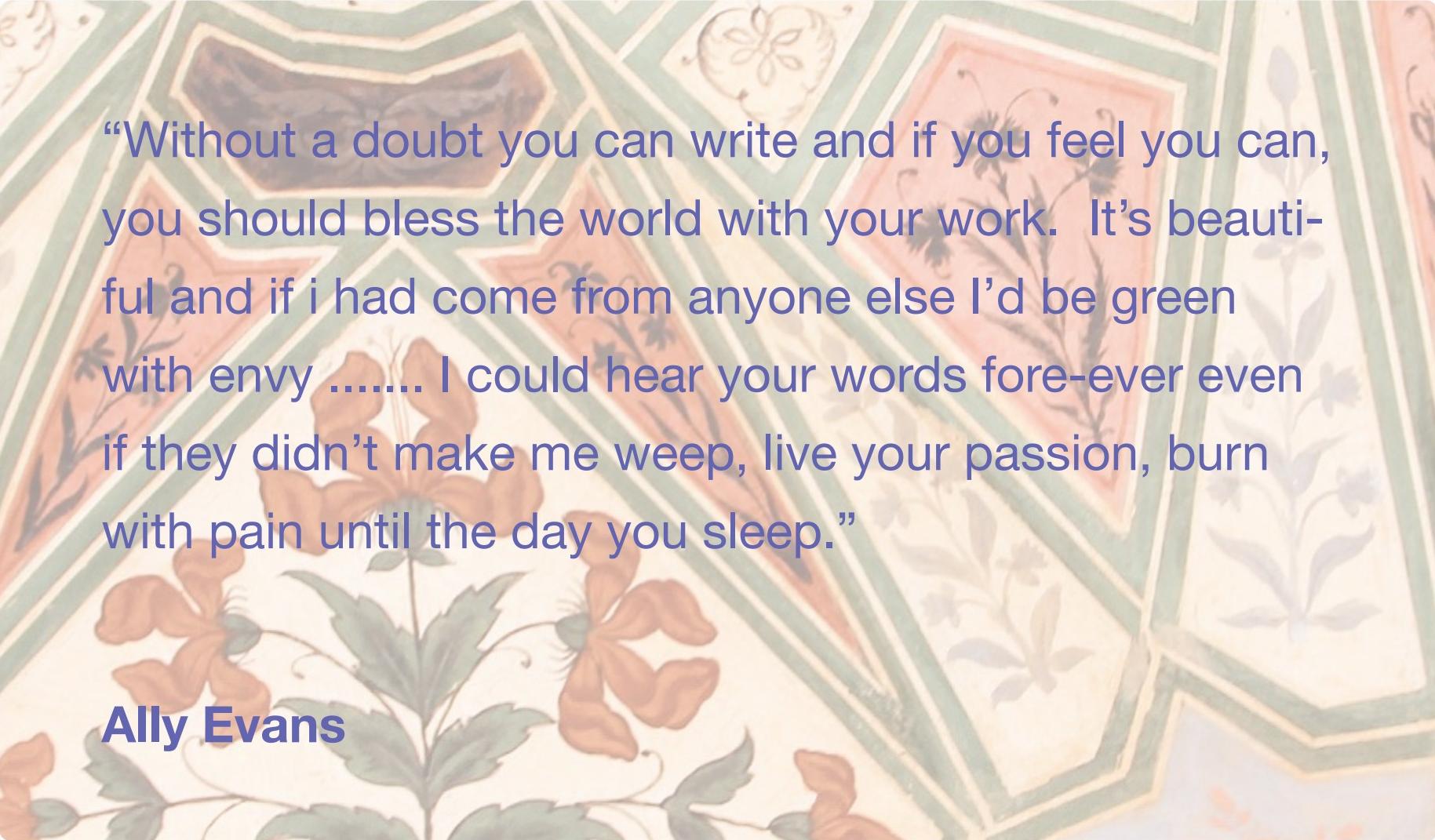
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# WHY I WRITE

*“Brilliant, excellent. May Business continue to nourish poetry.”*

Theodore Zeldin



“Without a doubt you can write and if you feel you can, you should bless the world with your work. It’s beautiful and if i had come from anyone else I’d be green with envy ..... I could hear your words fore-ever even if they didn’t make me weep, live your passion, burn with pain until the day you sleep.”

**Ally Evans**

“You capture the essence of what makes life wonderful ..... even on a day by day basis .... what appears monotony is actually an opportunity to grow, interact with colleagues and friends ..... and enjoy oneself.” **Peter Honig.**

“Thank you for the beautiful poem you sent. I’m not afraid to say that the tears were streaming down my face as I read it.”

**Jill Rodgers**

“I really enjoyed reading these - the first one gave me watery eyes and following our conversation at lunch the other day the second made complete sense.”

**Hazel Weir**

“You really are a brilliant poet! Our conversation in the moment at a single sharpe point has inspired me to have the patience to believe.” **Emma Luke**